

The
Enchanted Flash

Sketch

By
F. Vandermell

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THE
ENCHANTED HASH;

A PANTOMIMIC SKETCH,

AS REPRESENTED BY

MR. E. MARSHALL,

AT

*The Canterbury Hall; the Crystal Palace;
the Metropolitan; the South of England Music Hall,
Portsmouth; Holder's Concert Hall, Birmingham;
Brown's Music Hall, Glasgow, &c., above 400 times.*

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR HIM BY

W. F. VANDERVELL,

*Author of The Lost Man; The Ghost Club; Prince Blossom; The
Tercentenary; Perfume and Fair Bouquet; &c. &c.*

OVERTURE AND MUSIC ARRANGED BY
WILLEM VANDERVELL.

ENT. STA. HALL.

London:

PUBLISHED (FOR THE AUTHOR) BY

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1864—1865.

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THE ENCHANTED HASH.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

SEEN THE FIRST.

LANDSCAPE NEAR THE SAME OLD SPOT.

Mysterious appearance of Frosty Fogo.

SEEN THE SECOND.

LOVE LANE, WITH CHURCH IN THE
EXTREME DISTANCE.

Meeting of the Lovers.—Novel *Pas de Deux*, which is suddenly brought to a close by another *Pa*, who makes a precious to *do* about it.

SEEN THE THIRD.

THE MILL,
And Terrific Blow Up.

SEEN THE FOURTH.

THE INVISIBLE GROTTO.

Appearance of Snowdrop, who comes to Earth on purpose to produce the

GRAND TRANSFORMATION SCENE,

And in which the whole of the talent engaged on the Pantomime will be visible.

SEEN THE SIXTH.

ROUND THE CORNER.

Pas de Pieds by Harlequin and Columbine. Pantaloon on the look out. How's your poor feet. Here we are again, and no bones broken. Easy shaving. How are you off for soap. Hurrah for Garibaldi. The Pope for ever. General *rally* in which Mr. E. Marshall entreats his friends to *rally* round him.

MR. E. MARSHALL

WILL REPRESENT THE FOLLOWING :

Snowdrop.—The very good Fairy who trusts once a year every body will *shell* out, and the *Grotto* remember.

Grist.—The Jolly Miller, who from his *windy* sees round the *corner* and discovers a *Plot*, against which he immediately sets his *Wheat oh!* (afterwards CLOWN.)

Dame Margery.—The Miller's wife, who being accustomed to the *mill*, is expected to keep a sharp look out for *blows* (afterwards PANTALON.)

Peter.—The *Miller's* man, who is on *familler* terms with the Miller's daughter (afterwards HARLEQUIN.)

Patty.—Who is the *flower* of the village, and *bar'ly* eighteen (afterwards COLUMBINE.)

Frosty Fogo.—The very *naughty* Demon, who has a *good* deal to do in making people unhappy.

INTRODUCTION.

Enter Mr. MARSHALL, in Private Dress.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—What I'm about to do
Is Burlesque on Pantomime. A Dramatic Stew
Entitled, the "Enchanted Hash." In which you'll see
Ten different characters, solely played by me.
First, "A Demon," well worthy of the name;
Next, "Grist," the *Miller*, and his poor "Old Dame."
Two Lovers, up to their very mouths in love;
A *charming* Fairy, as *genteel* as a Dove.
With Harlequin, Columbine, Pantaloon, and Clown;
Whose knavish tricks have always pleased the Town.
These are the parts which I'm about to play;
I hope you'll be amused. All I can say,
If by my changes I your smiles can win,
My object's gained. So all in to begin. [*exit.*

Enter FROSTY FOGO.

SONG.

AIR.—*Burlesque Galop.*

I'm the naughty Demon,
And this I'd have you know,
That I'm the lad whose always bad,
And comes up from below,
To make an annual tour of earth,
So mark well what I say,
Although it's odd, so help me bob,
I mean to have a *prey*.

Yes, I'm the naughty Demon,
Who always goes about,
Love's Dream to spoil, and in my toil,
Young lovers get and shout,
Rumpti umpti ido, rumpti umpti day,
Humpti dumpti rumpti bumpti,
Umpti dumpti day, &c.
Now then chorus all you merry Devils,
Rumpti dumpti, &c. &c.

I'm the *naughty* Demon, old Frosty Fogo,
 To try and *best* me they'll all find it no go,
 Ah! ah! ho! ho! at last a Prize I've got,
Two lovers, still *too* on the same old spot,
 They're mine, they're mine, and for this simple reason,
 I *seize on* lovers—at this *Festive Season*,
 And why I have this power to go about,
 Is a sort of thing no fellar can find out.

Yes. I'm the naughty Demon,
 The very naughty boy,
 I own it's true, I always do,
 What I can to annoy.
 I cause a dreadful hubbubboo,
 As through the world I go,
 For when I please I lovers seize,
 And take them down below.
 Oh! yes, I'm the naughty Demon, &c.
 [exit.]

Enter PETER and Dummy Figure.

DUETT.

PETER and PATTY.

AIR.—*Early in the morning.*

PETER.

Oh! isn't it nice to go about,
 With such a girl and take her out,
 Those pouting lips they seem to say,
 Oh! kiss me quick and don't delay.
 Till early in the morning,
 Early in the morning,
 Early in the morning,
 That's what they seem to say.

PATTY.

AIR.—*Young man from the Country.*

For Peter I feel so ashamed,
 Now just adone. Sir, do,

By Papa I shall be blamed,
 Oh ! get along with you ;
 Now just look, Sir, what you have done,
 I'm not fit to be seen,
 I'm a young girl in the Country,
 And I don't know what you mean.

PETER.

She's a young girl in the Country,
 And she don't know what I mean.

Peter. My love, my life.

Patty. That I could get away.

Peter. We musn't part.

Patty. Indeed I cannot stay.

You know a *duty* to *papa* I owe.

Peter. The *papa* duty—It's taken off you know.

Patty. You'll bring me to the *union*.

Peter. What I mean to do,
 Go in for matrimony—and her *money* too.

DUETT.

PATTY.

AIR.—*Du da day.*

Now Peter pray do let me go—Do dear.

Papa he will see us I know—Do dear, do dear pray.

He'll kick up such a shine,

Oh ! won't there be a fray,

A rumpus and a riot—A shindy and a row,

Oh, let me go, I pray.

PETER.

One kiss upon those lips so red—Do dear, do dear.

PATTY.

Now can't you wait till we are wed—Do dear, do dear
 pray.

PETER.

No, indeed I cannot wait,
 Whilst you such charms display,
 Like honey and sugar, and Toffee and drops,
 Oh ! isn't nice I say.
 [exeunt.

Enter GRIST.

SONG.

AIR.—*Peter Gray.*

I'm sure that is my serving man,
 Yes I know him by his Clothes ;
 Along with my fair daugh-ti-er,
 All down in the med-i-owes :
 Down in the med-i-owes ;
 Where the Poppies they Blow-i-owes,
 Along with my fair daugh-ti-er,
 All down in the med-i-owes ;
 Come back Peter—Do you hear what I say,
 You'll *sing out* Tooral laddy oh !
 My *Laddy* you may lay.

Now only let me catch them *two*,
 And this to you I say,
 I'll dust that rascal's Jack-i-et,
 With this good She-lalilagh ;
 With this She-la-li-a,
 'This *whacking* She-la-li-ah,
 I'll soon dust that rascal's jacket,
 With my She-la-li ah.
 Come back Peter, &c.

The Saucy Varlet—He's cut away no doubt,
 With the only child I ever cared about,
 The Cheild I taught to *play*—to sing—to dance,
 In fact brought up regardless of *expanse*,
 The Cheild I *destined* for some great M.P.
 And that Cheild cuts it quite *clandestinely* ;
 It's her mother's fault—Bad un's—They're both alike,
 My *eye's on* her—and while my *eye's on* hot—I'll strike.

SONG.

AIR.—*Skid-i-mi-link.*

I never was in such a rage,
 I'm chock full of vexation;
 I feel inclined to utter now,
 A word that ends with nation;
 But as I am a Gemman
 As such I keeps my station;
 Oh! won't I quickly warm 'em all,
 That's my determination;
 So in these Halls—Look out for squalls,
 Also discoloration;
 Some one I'll lick with this 'ere stick,
 And get up a Sensation. [*exit.*

Enter DAME MARGERY.

SONG.

AIR.—*Oh! dear, what can the matter be.*

Oh! dear, what will become of me,
 Dear, dear, what will become of me,
 Oh! dear, what will become of me,
 Every bone in this body is sore;
 Of all this world's troubles,
 Why I've had my *whack* sure,
 There's not a square inch
 A top of my back sure,
 But is just like a Chummy's,
 That is it's as black sure,
 Oh! I hope I shan't get any more.
 Oh! dear, what will become of me, &c.

Oh! deary me, I can scarcely move about,
 What *sarve*—I shall want through being so *sarved* out.
 Oh! my poor back—Oh! my side—If I don't *die*,
 I'll go to Wilde and will for a *divorce* try.
 The foolish girls, the like was never known,
 Do what you will, they won't leave chaps alone.
 How different when I was young; I had the knack,
 If they asked for a *kiss*, to give 'em such a *smack*.

SONG.

AIR.—*The Cure.*

To the *union* though he does belong
I never saw the like;

— At such a time for such a man
To be upon the *strike*;

Oh! dear, my back, what shall I do,
I didn't all this deserve;

Oh! there's a shoot—it goes right through,
Oh! hadn't he got a nerve.

Oh! dear, Oh! dear, Oh! dear,
The pain I can't endure,
With a sad Heigho away I go,
To try and find a cure.

[*exit.*]*Enter SNOWDROP.*

SONG.

AIR.—*Deep, Deep Sea.*

Oh! I'm the Fairy Queen,
So take a look at me,
For my like is seldom seen,
In the deep, deep sea,
To Earth I took a *Fly*,
To learn the *latest* news,
Which to *relate* I'll try,
And hope it will amuse.

For I'm the Fairy Queen,
And have come my Friends to see,
So trust it's all *serene*,
Like the Deep, Deep Sea.

I'm the *Fairy*, and a *Fair* I know full well,
Is always welcomed by a first-rate swell.
I'm sure I'm right—So left my *Mystic Sphere*,
To wish all friends around—A Happy Year;
And when a Fay like me comes out for Fun,
With such a *Dear Foot*—she must have a *run*.
When last we met, I've very little doubt,
Changes have taken place the world throughout.

There's Denmark, to which land Germans did repair,
 To steal her *Dutch Cheese* (*Duchies*), a mighty grand
 affair,
 And one I shant forget. But, as Palmerston said,
 Why should we take up quarrels that we never made?
 Why should we shed our blood—our money spend—
 And, perhaps, be thanked by neither in the end?
 Poor Poland, too. We know how well she tried
 To free herself, and Russian hosts defied.
 But might conquered right. Still, we may live to see
 Liberty extend from *Pole* to *Pole*, and all men free.
 We have done our best to let folks live in peace;
 Finding that *discord* was still on the increase,
 We've passed a Bill to stop that wretched noise,
 Made by our organ men and *bands* of boys.
 Then there's the Davenports, who make fools believe
 That spirits aid them the rope trick to achieve.
 Let Calcraft tie the *knot*, and if the spirits came,
 Of course they could get out, if *n't*—it's all the same.
 In America they're disunited still,
 Friend slays his friend, and brother doth brother kill.
 The North and South had best, ere 'tis too late,
 Forget the past, shake hands, and separate;
 There'll be no more *union*, of that feel sure,
 Unless they build *one* for their crippled poor.

SONG.

AIR.—*Great Eastern Polka.*

But away with melancholy,
 Let us all be jolly,
 We'll have some fun before we've done,
 And now go in for folly.
 Keep up Christmas gambols,
 Kicks and cuffs and wrangles,
 And with a zest, we'll do our best
 To please both Old and Young;
 Harlequin will appear now,
 With Columbine his dear now,
 For *steps* they take—Allowance make,
 And do not be severe now;

Clown and Pantaloon *two*,
 You'll see very soon *too*,
 But what they'll do
 I shant tell you,
 'Bout them I'll hold my tongue.
 Oh ! let us all be jolly, &c.

GRAND TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

Harlequin wanders in search of Columbine, who has taken a *trip* to *Deal*. Pas de Pieds. Pantaloon turns ballad singer.

SONG.

AIR.—*The Minstrel Boy.*

Oh ! pity the Sorrows of a poor Old Man,
 Who once was so young and nimble,
 But now to get about—I hardly can,
 For my legs they do so tremble ;
 Hoity Toity—Shinney Skinney,
 Oh ! what do I resemble,
 Then pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
 Whose limbs they do so tremble.
 I've a sort of a Clown to show me about,
 But what a fool he is now,
 Whenever he's wanted he's always out,
 And I never see his Phiz now.
 Hoity Toity, &c.

Clown out on the spree. Remember the *Gar-roto*. No use appealing to a *Peeler*. General disturbance, in the midst of which Mr. Marshall makes his appearance, and on order being restored recites the following :

Ladies and Gentlemen,

I trust this imitation,
 Has met with your entire approbation,
 And that you'll tell your friends to come and see,
 The Great Enchanted Hash, dressed up by me.

FINIS.

COMIC SONGS

SUNG BY

E. MARSHALL,

AT

THE OXFORD, AND CANTERBURY HALL,

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR HIM, BY

W. F. VANDERVELL.

The Last Man in Town	s. 3	d. 0
Lord Dundreary	3	0
RANSFORD & SON, 2, Princes St. Oxford Circus.				
In the Park	2	6
I'm Sister to the Cure	2	6
FOSTER & Co. Hanover St. Hanover Sq.				
Jeremy Jinks, the Swell of Clerkenwell	2	6
Adolphus Brown	2	6
B. WILLIAMS, Paternoster Row.				
The Excursion Train	3	0
The Pets of the Public	3	0
W. WILLIAMS, 123, Cheapside.				
John Bull, or you don't bamboozle me,	2	6
HORWOOD & CREW, 42, New Bond Street.				
Paul Pry	2	6
Norman Claude Fitzfluke	2	6
The Landlady in Ringlets	2	6
Green's Christmas Party	2	6
Bobby Bullseye	3	0
Dicky Duck's Wedding	3	0

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